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an old paper of five years ago, and when that was written there was no war at all, and," says Jerry, "I'm thinking that's the very reason I can't find Purgatory in the Bible, because it isn't in it, and I'm thinking there wasn't any Purgatory at all when the Bible was written." "But," says I, "Andy is a very knowledgeable man, being a schoolmaster, and he says that 'tis in the Bible." "Yes," says Jerry, "and yourself seen what a purty hand he made of it when he argued with the Reader." "But," says I, "he said that he'd look for more texts, and may be he'd do better next time." Well, sir, just as we turned the corner, who should we see but Andy, and the Reader, and a lot of the boys, hard at work at the discussion, "and," says the Reader, "I'm not surprised at the priests standing up for Purgatory, for it's meat and drink, and board and lodging to them; but I'm surprised at poor men like you being so fond of it; for," says he, "if it's true, you're all in a bad way." "How so?" says Andy. "Why," says he, "How does the priest say that the souls are to be got out?" "By masses," says Andy. "And how are the masses to be got?" says the Reader. "By paying for them," says Andy. "And where is the money to come from?" says he. "Troth, then, that's easier asked than answered," says Andy. "Now," says the Reader, "don't you see that it's a bad doctrine for a poor man? and," says he, "most of you are poor men, and between the taxes and the bad times you find it hard enough to feed the childer, and when you die it's little you'll be able to leave behind for masses." "True for you," says Mick; "sure if I died to-night I couldn't leave as much as would pay turnpike for a walking stick." "And," says he, "if Purgatory is true, it's mighty hard entirely on the poor." Well, Sir, Jerry jumped up, "and," says he, out quite bold, "I'll never believe that God would be harder on the poor than on the rich, and," says he, "the Bible is against it; for," says he, "I'm not ashamed or afraid to confess that I've been reading it; and that book says that God 'regardeth not the rich more than the poor, for they are all the work of His hands;* and," says he, "if Purgatory was true, the rich man would be well off, for he could leave plenty of money for masses, but we'd be ruined entirely; so," says he, "it can't be true; and, besides, doesn't St. James say that 'God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom;† and the word of God tells us everywhere that Christ died for one man as well as for another, and that salvation is as free to the poor man as to the rich—to the beggar as to the Queen—because Christ gives it freely without money and without price. That's the kind of salvation that would match us," says Mick, "that would be given freely, without money or price; for I'm thinking if it depends on the money we've but a poor chance." "But," says one of the boys, "I hear that the priest is coming down greatly in the price of the masses in regard of the badness of the times." "Well," says the reader, "that reminds me of what I once seen in Waterford, and I never laughed so hearty before nor since." "What was it at all?" says the boys. "Why," says he, "I seen a great crowd standing round a placard that was on the market-house door, and sure enough a queer placard it was. Here's the way it read"—

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

Cheap Fares to

PURGATORY!!!

"Well, the Romanists were very angry, for they thought 'twas the Protestants done it; but one of the boys saw at last how it happened. The Steam Packet Company had posted notices of cheap fares to Liverpool, and 'twas a tall man that put them up, and the next day a little short man posted notices of a lecture on purgatory, and put his over the others, but wasn't tall enough to cover them entirely; so you couldn't go through a street in the town without meeting a crowd of boys reading the cheap fares to purgatory." "But," says Andy, "the Bible says that 'nothing defiled' can enter into heaven,‡ and," says he, "there's none of us so good but we're defiled with sin; and therefore there must be some sort of purgatory to take away the defilement, or no one could get to heaven." "You never spoke a truer word," says the reader; "but the same book that told you that, tells you how the defilement is to be got rid of. God says, 'I am he that bloteth out thy iniquities for my own sake, and I will not remember thy sins.§ There's who does it—'tis God himself; and then St. John tells us what the sins are blotted out with. He says, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin.¶' Now," says he, "there's what takes away the defilement—there's the 'Protestant's purgatory,' and," says he, "show me a better if you can." "Well," says Andy, "I'll give you a proof out of Dr. Milner, and there never yet was a Protestant that was able for him; he says that 'Abraham's bosom,' where the soul of Lazarus was carried by the angels,‡ was Purgatory; and he proves it clearly, for he says that it wasn't heaven, 'otherwise

Dives would have addressed himself to God instead of Abraham;* and it wasn't hell, for 'twas there Dives was; and, therefore, it must have been Purgatory." "Well," says the Reader, "that beats all I ever heard. Tell me," says he, "what kind of place is Purgatory at all?" "'Tis 'a place or state of punishment,'† says Andy. "Well," says the Reader, "the Catechism of the Council of Trent says that the souls of the saints enjoyed a 'tranquil abode in the bosom of Abraham, without any sense of pain;‡ and now, boys," says he, "you may settle among yourselves which, Dr. Milner or the Catechism, is wrong, for one or other must be wrong." "Why, then," says Jerry, "it's Dr. Milner that's wrong, for the note to that verse in our own Bible says that 'Abraham's bosom' was a 'place of rest; and," says he, "we all know that Purgatory isn't a place of rest." Well, sir, Andy turned on Jerry, and says he, "You ignorant spalpeen, how dare you set up your opinion against mine and Dr. Milner's? and," says he, "isn't it enough to have the Reader against me, without having an omadawn like you aggravating me." Well, the boys began to laugh, and Andy got vexed; and, says he, "By this and by that, I'll never speak another word in defence of our religion before a set of ignoramuses, that don't know a parallelogram from a triangle." But the boys only laughed the more. "So," says he, "the curse of Cromwell on every mother's son of you; I won't be wasting my time any longer with the likes of you." And with that he left the place. So the Reader turned to us, and, says he, "Boys, take my advice, and stick to the plain words of the holy Apostles, and don't trust to the meanings that Dr. Milner, or Dr. Butler, or Dr. Doyle does be putting on them, for you see plainly that hardly two of them agree—one is against the other, and that one against a third; but," says he, "did you ever find St. Matthew against St. Mark, or St. Luke against St. John? or does St. Paul tell us that it's Christ's blood that cleanses sin, while St. Peter says that it's Purgatory does it? No," says he, "there's no contradiction between them; it's the one word with them all, the same story with each. They all tell us that there's nothing else can blot out our sins but the precious blood of Christ, and that nothing else is required, for that blood can cleanse us from all sin." So with that he left us.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CATHY.

CLURICAUNES AND FAIRIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR—You may smile if I ask, do you believe in such things as cluricaunes and Fairies? Perhaps, however, your mind may be changed, when I tell you what happened here last spring.

Just after the potatoes were set, I went out one morning to look after the men, and met my friend John Connors. "Jerry," said he, "did you hear what happened yesterday?"

"No," said I.

"May I never, sin," said he, "but a labouring boy of Johnny Corkery's caught a cluricaune, making a little saddle by the side of a ditch, in one of Johnny's fields."

"Do you tell me so," said I. "How did he manage to catch him?"

"Oh!" said he, "the way he did it was this. He spied something red at some distance from him, as he was coming down the field, just like a red poppy in the distance, and as he came towards it, he heard a little tap, tap, tap, like a shoemaker putting on a sole. He threw himself down on the grass, and crept on without making a noise until he came quite close to where he had seen the red thing; and, sure enough, there he saw a real live little cluricaune, with a red cap and knee breeches, as hard at work as he could be, making the most beautiful little saddle that could be seen. The cluricaune was so intent on his work, and making such a noise with his little hammer, that he did not perceive the boy coming nigh him, and before he could turn round, or make an attempt to escape, he had him caught safe in his hand. "I have you, my boy," said he, "and before I let you go, you must tell me a thing or two; and, first of all, Will the potatoes grow this year?"

"They will," said the cluricaune, but you will not be there to eat them."

"Tell me this instant," said the boy, "where is that crock of gold that you know about?"

"I know no more than that man behind you," said the cluricaune.

The boy, not recollecting that if he took his eyes off of him, he would be sure to disappear, turned round his head to see who was behind him, and when he turned it back again, the cluricaune was gone! In his hurry, however, he forgot to take the saddle with him, and the boy has it now; any one that likes to go up to Johnny Corkery's can see it."§

Now, if all this be true—and who can doubt it when the saddle is there to be seen—may there not be ten thousand cluricaunes in the country, for anything that

we know to the contrary; and if there are such things as cluricaunes, why not believe that there are such things as Fairies?

The Protestant parish clerk says I am an old woman if I believe any such nonsense. Well, maybe so. "Bathershin," as we say in these parts; but, for all that, he cannot account for the saddle.

Now what I want to know, Mr. Editor, is this: do you, with your experience, think that there is sufficient evidence in this case of there being such things as cluricaunes? I have related the matter as it was told to me. I am sometimes on juries at the sessions, and I have a general idea of what evidence ought to be, in common cases, but I have a high opinion of your skill and learning in solving difficulties, and I have a lurking suspicion that the evidence for the genuineness of many relics that our Clergymen tell us of, and for some extraordinary and miraculous things that are said to have been done by saints, may not be everything that a plain and reasonable man might expect. For this reason I take the liberty of asking your opinion on these matters, and hope you will give some account of what you think ought to be sufficient evidence in doubtful things.

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,
J. J. O'C.

[We have been highly amused with the above little story, which is so well told that it is almost a pity to throw a doubt on it. We cannot pretend to so much skill in the laws of evidence as our correspondent gives us credit for; but as far as we understand these laws we believe that the proof of the genuineness of many so-called relics and modern and mediæval miracles is much on a par with the argument by which he so satisfactorily proves the veracity of Johnny Corkery's boy. "There must be cluricaunes, for we cannot account for the saddle!" If the jury on the late occasion had understood the laws of evidence so, who knows but they might have come to the conclusion that the Rev. Mr. Petcherine burned the Bibles; for there were the burned fragments, and who could otherwise account for them?]

FARM OPERATIONS FOR DECEMBER.

(From the Farmers' Gazette.)

FROM the very favourable seed time we have had now for some time, we were in hope that the principal breadth of wheat has been got in ere this. On a recent drive through the country, however, we find that not only the wheat has not been got in, but that much of the potatoes are yet to be lifted. We have only now to recommend exertion in lifting the one and sowing the other with as much despatch as possible, which should be completed, if possible, before Christmas.

Russian beans, peas, and vetches may still be sown. For the details of culture, see operations for previous months.

Lifting and storing roots.—Take advantage of the present favourable weather in lifting and storing such of the Swedes, mangles, carrots, &c., as still remain in the ground. No time should be lost in doing so, as weather may set in rather abruptly to prevent these operations being carried into effect, to the great loss and deterioration of those roots. For details see former calendar of operations. When straw is scarce, and therefore too valuable to use for thatching the roots, scraws and sods from bog and other rough land, as well as sedge, flaggers, and other aquatic weeds, answer equally well for the purpose, when to be had.

Early potatoes should now be planted, taking advantage of dry weather, but avoid doing so while the weather or land is wet. At this season the lazy-bed system is to be preferred to the drill; the sets are more securely and evenly covered, and a perfectly dry bed for them is secured. A liberal supply of fresh stable dung, and six inches of cover, is requisite at this time of year to insure the earliest crop.

Stall-fed Cattle should now be so accustomed to their new quarters as to be on full keep. Their houses should be kept moderately warm, and well ventilated, but no cold currents allowed to chill them. Feed at regulated hours. Keep them thoroughly clean, and curry and wisp them down twice a day. Dispose of ill-doers; as nothing is to be gained by keeping them over.

Milch Cows should be kept closely to the house, with the exception of an hour each day for exercise, if the weather be fine and temperate. Feed liberally on cooked and raw food alternately. Keep them moderately warm, clean, and well curried and wisped down twice a day, which will supply the want of exercise in promoting the insensible perspiration so necessary to their health.

Young Cattle should be carefully housed and well fed; they require an abundant supply of nutritious food as much, or more so, than those full grown, to supply the requirements of their increasing size, and the full development of bone, muscle, and flesh.

Farm-horses should now be on full and liberal keep, and kept at constant employment—there is no profit in keeping them idle.

Digging on small farms.—This is the proper time to dig all land not under crop; dig deeply and roughly, so as to expose as great a surface as possible to the fertilising influence of the atmosphere.

* End of Controversy, A.D. 1842, p. 413.

† Butler's Cat. 20.

‡ Chap. vi., quest. iii.

§ For an account of the Cluricaune, see Croker's Account of the Elves in Ireland; Fairy Legends, part iii., p. 7. Murray, 1833.

* Job xxxiv. 19. † James ii. 5. ‡ Apoc. xxi. 27. § Isaiah xliii. 25. || John i. 7. ¶ Luke xvi. 22.